

SATURDAY EVENING POST

1821.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

1871.

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AT HER DOOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CLIO STANLEY.

Marie, my, singing, swinging,
Where the blue-bells bright are ringing,
Where the dappled waves are springing
In the moonlight, moonlight, moonlight,
Where the moonlit winds are bringing
Echoes soft from bells low ringing,
Where the yellow birds are singing
At the open door;

There with cheeks red-ripe with blushes,
Brown hair bright with sunset blushes,
In the moonlight, moonlight, moonlight,
My own maid, my maid,
While the merry west-wind breathes
Her light locks, her light foot creases
Leaves on the grass, and creases leaves
All to soft capes;

O, to be thus sweetly sleeping,
With the low winds softly creeping,
And the moonlight, moonlight, moonlight,
Ward beside my door,
Gives all glee for the sleeping,
Tremble to the sleeping,
Joys of joyful years' ago—
Charm me nevertheless!

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK,"
"VIOLET," OR, "THE WORRIES OF KING-
WOOD CHAMPS," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

PLAYING AT CHAMPS FARM.

Gabrielle Lettrel, after quitting her cousin, glided silently to the apartment of her aunt.

There was a smile upon her small red lips, and if there was not perfect serenity in her heart, there was not a ruffle—not a ripple of uneasiness upon her features.

She found Mrs. Alvanley Rokeby just completing the purchase of a "flying leap," a hawker which possessed all the requisites necessary, not only to take "fences" and "fences" of the severest and roughest character, but to keep up the rattling pace of the best trained pack of hounds in the kingdom during the continuance of a long run, with the scent lying as well as it possibly could.

There was an expression of triumph on the yet young and handsome face of Mrs. Alvanley Rokeby as Gabrielle joined her, and she heard her say, with unaffected gaiety,

"Mark Jarrett's Daisy triumphs over me now."

Gabrielle placed at her blooming aunt, who looked the very type of a beautiful Diana—in the attire of to-day, by the way—and her lip moved with a faint curl of contempt.

"Aunt, dear," she exclaimed, in her choicer silvery tones, "are you not afflicted with Mark Jarrett's Daisy on the brain?"

"I am afflicted with the conviction that I am second in an accomplishment in which it is my ambition to be first, Belle," she replied, with some little excitement; "and I will be first, I will reign supreme, Mark Jarrett's Daisy or a broken nose notwithstanding."

"Why concern yourself with a person—a creature, a nobody, like the young woman with a nickname?" inquired Gabrielle, with well-affected amazement.

"A nobody," repeated Mrs. Alvanley, with a laugh of scornful derision. "Why, there is not a peer at the cover side who does not envy her reputation in the hunt."

"Of course, she shuns as a housewoman, that is undoubted," returned Gabrielle, cautiously; for she knew that it was tender ground to speak superciliously of feminine excellence in equestrianism in her aunt's hearing; "but, nevertheless, she is a very common person."

Mrs. Rokeby turned sharply to her niece, and with eyes that flashed brightly, she said—

"You have not seen her!"

"No," replied Gabrielle, raising her shoulders; and with a derisive smile, she added, "Further, I have a strong impression that I have to do with the Queen of Sheba."

"You will have, Belle," her aunt rejoined, in her turn, with a short, significant laugh.

"Wherever, my sweet aunt?" she interrogated, with a show of real surprise.

She said nothing for a repetition in the field, and she could not understand why she should have the smallest inclination to see one whom she believed to be a florid, squat, robust, horsey girl.

"Well, upon one ground, if no other," returned Mrs. Rokeby, still laughing. "She has turned the brain of one of your admirers."

"One of my admirers," repeated Gabrielle, looking up with an assumed mystified look; "I did not know that I had one—"

"Who could be seduced from his allegiance by Mark Jarrett's Daisy," interposed Mrs. Rokeby, displaying her white teeth in a mocking way. "I'll name one—the young King of Champs."

Gabrielle started, and a faint blue tinge overspread face and neck, yet she laughed.

"I fancied the Hart was too fuddled to admire me," she said, slowly; "but Mark Jarrett's Daisy—oh!" she added, contemptuously.

"Is the most charming, beautiful, lady-like, nymph-like girl I have ever seen," appended Mrs. Rokeby, with something like enthusiasm. "Why, she looks, as she sits over fold and fallop, brook and hedge, the very incarnation of a spirit hunte—on, off, a fly, a haughty."

"Quite an enchantress," observed Gabrielle, white still, as Mrs. Rokeby paused to take breath.



WILFRED'S DISMISSAL FROM JARRETT'S GRANGE.

"Quite," rejoined her aunt, quickly. "Even Colonel Waldron, odd, cynical, not easily touched, he professed, by female charms, conformed to her manifold attractions."

"Colonel Waldron!" exclaimed Gabrielle, in a sharper tone than was wont.

There was, too, a lurid flush in her eyes as she spoke. She turned her lip upward so as to exhibit her teeth.

"He, too, fascinated by this wonder?" she questioned, disdainfully.

It was rather evident that, though she affected coldness and imperturbability, she could feel, and keenly too.

Mrs. Rokeby seemed pleased to have moved her, for, glancing at her beneath her eyebrows, she rejoined—

"I suppose as much as he is capable, I think, of being fascinated by a young and lovely girl. I have an impression that he knows more about her than he chooses to acknowledge. I heard him tell Marston that the Daisy was well educated and accomplished, as a kind of supplement to a confession the earl had made of having provided in the immediate vicinity of Jarrett's Grange, and of being so fortunate as to hear the young lady sing divinely an aria out of a favorite opera."

Gabrielle appeared to be dazed by this information; but by an effort of self-control she displayed a degree of equanimity which did not quite assimilate with the emotion she had a moment before betrayed.

She, however, with a consciousness that was driving her to distraction, observed, after a moment's silence—

"I suppose this paragon includes in her train my Lord Belvoir?"

Both turned—Gabrielle as if frightened; but she did not scream. She never screamed.

Before them stood Mr. Rokeby, looking pale and ill, and gloomy. He glanced from one to the other, and repeated his question in an almost fierce tone.

Mrs. Rokeby moved with an air of dignity to the window.

"Gabrielle mentioned the name, I did not," she responded, coldly.

Gabrielle dropped her eyelids, and in a soft, sweet-sighed voice, that appeared to be something concealed beneath it, observed as if in explanation—

"Oh, uncle, dear, you quite made my heart leap into my mouth. You tased so softly, and appear so sharply, I shall be tempted to call you the Phantom of Fairholme Priory."

Her uncle regarded her steadfastly, without heeding her words, and repeated his question.

"You named Lord Belvoir. What of that man?"

"Nothing—nothing, I assure you, dear uncle. I used his name only on the very faintest assumption," she answered, in a subdued tone.

"What assumption?" pursued Mr. Rokeby, in the same stern manner.

"The truth is, aunt and I were speaking of a—*per—a young lady of whom I am sure you have never heard*, remarked Gabrielle, with what seemed to be a childlike wonder, yet perfect recision. You confide yourself to your library, and to your suite of apartments, so studiously that you cannot have the least knowledge of what is going on in the world without."

"You are speaking of Lord Belvoir. I request you, Gabrielle Lettrel, to repeat to me what use you were making of that man's name," persisted Mr. Rokeby, almost fiercely.

"Mrs. Rokeby hummed a tune audibly as she stood gazing from the window. Gabrielle glanced at her uncle's face. She did not like the expression on it.

"I must tell you, uncle," she said, in a subdued voice, "that there has appeared in this neighborhood a young and beautiful creature—at least, aunt says she is; and you know that she is a very excellent judge

"You do not know this from information acquired long since?"

"I was told—but recently," she answered, looking him firmly in the face.

"And the name of your informant?" he interrogated, quickly.

"Lord Belvoir," she replied, in clear, round tones.

A sound again escaped his lips as if he had stabbed him. He staggered back and clenched his hands.

"And you dare to repeat that name to me?" he exclaimed, with glittering eyes.

"To any one," she answered, with proud assurance. "In front of the altar, where I stood with you—in the face of heaven, and round the tips of thumb and fingers.

"Jarrett," repeated Mr. Rokeby, staring at her as if the name had chilled him from head to foot.

"Yes, uncle, Mark Jarrett, of Jarrett's Grange, in the Hazelbrook. The fair maiden of the hunting-field is known as Mark Jarrett's Daisy. She is therefore, of course, his daughter."

It is impossible to describe the change which passed over Mr. Rokeby's frame while Gabrielle was speaking. He became a ghastly white, and a tremor seemed to pass over his limbs, and then to leave him a mere pillar of ice.

"Mark Jarrett!" he muttered, with tremulous vehemence. "Mark Jarrett's Grange! Where—where does it stand?" he interro-

gated her, like one talking in his sleep.

"Yes, some miles from this," pursued Gabrielle, without observing the extraordinary alteration in his countenance and manner; for he was who but himself could tell for whom. (Color for not Waldron, Mark Jarrett's Daisy and the Earl of Marston.) It is a shooting old place, and there the man Jarrett lives with his daughter."

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"Mark Jarrett!" he muttered, with tremulous vehemence.

"He arrived late last night. He said that he walked over Black Down, was caught in a thunderstorm, and lost his way," responded Gabrielle. She glanced at Mr. Rokeby.

"He looks so weak and handsome, uncle, you will be quite proud of him," she added, with pleasant smile.

"He prided both his hands on his breast, as if to force down, not only the exasperating pain of a wayward, but to impress a thousand words that were struggling to obtain precedence of utterance.

Gabrielle, at the same time, as if that was hardly her design, said, hastily—

"Oh, gracious! Auntly dear, Wilfred has returned to the Priory."

"When?" demanded Mrs. Rokeby, with extreme eagerness.

"He arrived late last night. He said that he walked over Black Down, was caught in a thunderstorm, and lost his way," responded Gabrielle, with a smile.

"He looks so weak and handsome, uncle, you will be quite proud of him," she added, with pleasant smile.

"He prided both his hands on his breast, as if to force down, not only the exasperating pain of a wayward, but to impress a thousand words that were struggling to obtain precedence of utterance.

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Of two evils, the master firmly believed that being sent suddenly out of this world to purgatory was the "worse." He commenced to remark that he and his pale "didn't mean no harm." Only, as they were all hard up, as no one seemed to say they thought the girl's name would be "brought in with a name or two to see 'em' on to Purgatory, where they was going to "rest in the balsomary; but he did not enough, now."

"Then well, we'll go to Purgatory, and the ghostkeeper, do you know, will tell you what to do."

He turned to Wilfred, who was very thankful or very sorrowful, according to his face, said—

"Just unto the ghostkeeper, I'll go, and let him go. I'll go now, I know, and leave you."

As he finished, he proceeded to load the discharged harpoon, a carbine, which he had not at all resorting to the closely-locked individual who was watching with some eyes his every movement; not quite certain that he should not receive the contents of one or two of the two barrels.

Wil instantly complied, and he had a kind of misty, feverish sense of a wasted life, a cloud of fragrant shining hair, and a slight delirious form floating around him, and then that "it was not"—that it had disappeared along with the old gentleman, the evanishment being effected he did not know how.

Before he could ask whom the persons were whom he had liberated, his conductor in the deliverance handed to him the gun, and said, harshly—

"Shoot either of them down, sir, if they offer to stop. They ain't worth as much consideration as a sixpence. I'll just look to this fellow I followed. It is more funk than damage that's driven his senses away."

Wil instantly took the proffered gun, and brought the stock to his shoulder, and the gunkeeper raised rapidly up the man he had had.

The man whom Wil had stunned with his whip had by this time recovered his feet, and had regained his tact. He looked savage about him, with a sharp quickness, and in spite of the double-barrelled gun opposed to him assumed as if he would renew the fray on the odds of three to two; but as his hand steered towards a heavy clasped book lying upon a table, at the side of which he stood, with the intention of using it as a missile—a party of sturdy fellows—groom and helpers—came rushing and tumbling over each other into the room, and placed the "subsequent proceedings" beyond a doubt.

At the same moment, Wil felt a light touch upon his arm, and perceived a man attired in a dark livery, who beckoned him to follow him.

Surrounding his gun to the gunkeeper, from whom he had received it, and who motioned rather than glared at him thankful.

He was ushered into a small room, after he had traversed, as he thought, by winding interminating corridors, the whole extent of the building, and he found himself before the elderly gentleman, whose he had not only released, but rescued from brutal violence.

As his eye ran over him, he saw that he was about the same age as his father—that, like him, he had a earworn, pale, strongly-marked face, and that the expression on it was anything but complaisant, although he was evidently a born gentleman.

He tendered his hand to Wil, and smiled gently.

"Young sir," he commenced, pleasantly for him, "you have—"

Then he stopped abruptly; his jaw dropped, and his complexion changed to the pallor of a dead man.

He drew back his hand—looked both sharply and tremulously behind him.

"My name is Mark Jarrett," he exclaimed, in a faltered, groaning tone. "Tell me yours."

"Wilfred Bokely, of Fairholme Priory," he returned, surprised by the extraordinary change in his master.

"Beneath my roof, too!" shouted the old man, with a sudden and violent excitement.

In an instant he seized up what appeared to be an Indian lance, and twirling it round his head, would have delivered it with his utmost force upon Wilfred's forehead; but, that, with a swift movement and a wild cry, a slight form interposed; two slight arms were instantly entwined about the old man's neck, and forced him back a pace or two, and then a fair white face, with two large eyes, turned to Wilfred.

"In the name of the Almighty, leave here! Not for me, not for money, but for your life!"

Wilfred gasped.

"I do not comprehend," he gasped.

"Go on! Not a word! For my life, as well as yours, go!"

A pair of strong arms at this instant caught him by the collar, and drew him swiftly and unresistingly from the room.

Before he could bring himself to a state of consciousness, he found himself without the building.

By his side stood the pertinacious young gunkeeper, who was looking sternly and sternly in his face.

"You heard?" he said, roughly. "Come not here again, or you may fear."

"I fear nothing beneath the vault of heaven!" interrupted Wilfred, passionately.

"You may fear this place," returned the man, with a short, harsh laugh. "Be warned; come back to us no more. Down yonder you will find your home. Go!"

"When you find it, respond!" Wil said, sharply.

"You must go, sir," persisted the man, with a sudden and violent excitement.

"One word, sir," he added, in an undertone, yet still with a decided emphasis. "You have acted a part of a brave man. You have saved from hurt one for whom I would lay down my life. I owe you a good turn. When you need it, it's up to Abel Strike. You will have it. Good-bye."

With that, Abel Strike turned away, entered the house, and Wil, utterly confused, he walked home, made his way to his horse, which he found quickly feeding where he had left it.

He leaned his head on the bow of his saddle for a few minutes, and then suddenly drew into his breast-pocket, and drew forth the worn white glove he had picked up.

He looked eagerly within it, and was written in ink, in very small characters—

"Hans Jæger's Dansk."

"I thought so!" he muttered, with a wild stirring in his brain.

Then he entered his horse, leaped into the saddle, and rode back—, at least, started to ride and find his way back to Fairholme Priory.

"To be continued in our next." (Announced in No. 51.)

DRAMA PAVERS.—Among the gayeties now in vogue, Dickens parties form no unimportant feature. The participants assume different characters in the writings of the great novelist, study their parts as an actor would a play, and in appropriate costumes resemble the house of the person who gives the entertainment. Hence they perform their roles, each one trying to give a full and representative picture of this kind and of that. The spectators of this kind have not only a comic, but an ordinary interest in the assumption of a character, and a strong familiarity with the writer of the article, which gives the parties a

FACTS AND FANCIES.

A Mobile rhyme thus duns up, in the poetry column of the Register, the Duke and his Bipes:

Abbie killed a bumble—Wurrah! hurrrah! hurrrah!
Abbie shot a bumble and started to the Cott.

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And the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My Icicle: A Study.

BY KATE HILLARD.

Perhaps it was because she was so picturesque that I loved her first; because the light of her large gray eyes recalled the saints of Fra Angelico, and because her hair lay in such splendid masses of saffit brown upon her slender neck; because every motion of her rounded figure threw her into a new attitude of grace, and every pose was a study for a painter; because every article of dress that she wore was instantly transfigured, and no longer part of the trivial fripperies of fashion, hung like the drapery of a goddess. I have seen more beautiful women often, but I have yet to see the woman who breathes out the same subtle aroma of beauty, who moves in the like golden atmosphere of grace and loveliness that steals around the gentle but irresistible power of the rising tide.

I had been through some rough months of care and sorrow when I first met her, that had left me weary enough, and glad to seek a quiet nook in the mountains, where I might drink in renewed strength and inspiration from the bracing air, and enjoy the society of my old friend Alfred Taford. He had told me that his sister was with him in the little country inn, but I did not notice the fact, except to wonder if she would be much in the way. But the morning after my arrival, as I strolled out upon the piazza to watch the early risers over the hills and to breathe the dewy freshness of the air, she stepped suddenly upon her.

Generally, we lose, in closer and more intimate society, all the marks of personal recognition of the first impression they made upon us; or remember only to laugh at its absurdity. But I shall always remember my first sight of Clare, as she stood leaning over the railing of the piazza talking to her brother, her soft gray dress falling about her in such perfect folds, and her cheek flushed by the clear, keen air. An atmosphere of quiet peace seemed to encompass her—a calm that soothed all stormy souls to rest. The sweet enchantment fell upon my troubled spirit like balm, and I yielded to it with delight. Whatever she did was beautiful, whatever she said was best. Not that she was either wise or witty—she had little talent and few acquirements—but she possessed a divine property of eloquent silence, which became a sympathetic medium where no words were needed.

She had a third in the interests of the best of friends could but complete the perfect chord of harmony, and we roamed about the hills together all day long. Alfred and I disengaged of all things in heaven and earth, especially those of which we knew least, as poets always will. Through the long summer evenings we all sat under the fragrant pines, and listened to the rushing of the brook and the chirping of the crickets till the monotony grew oppressive, and Clare broke into some sudden burst of song, clear, cool and unimpassioned as the brook itself.

"Sing me something fervent," I said to her one evening—"something with passion and pain in it—a song to stir the heart, to come home to our struggling human nature—not those otherworldly fancies of Chopin or Schumann, which are set to music."

She shook her head half sadly, while yet she smiled with a smile. "I cannot sing such songs. I think I am incapable of passion, in the first place. I don't understand this wild despair and rage and love that your favorite songs express: to me it is quite meaningless. And in the second place, I don't feel it. It ought to soothe and subdue me, not excite. It should come like a celestial voice from another and a better world, and have nothing to do with the sin and strife of ours."

"Then, according to your theory, a large part of what we call sacred music is all wrong," I said—"our penitential psalms, our agonized prayers for help, our wild cries of sorrow and remorse—all such songs as Mendelssohn's 'Pieta,' for example? Are we, then, to be confined in this to one phase of being—to lose all love and aspiration and divine soul in a flat Nirvana of repose?"

"I wish I could talk!" she exclaimed, with a pretty mixture of despair. "If I could express all I want to say, perhaps you might understand me, but I know I cannot. Alfred thinks as I do, I am sure: ask him to argue it for you, and let me listen."

"Alfred is off in his hammock under that tree, and has a cigar in his mouth, a smoke better thing than argument," I rejoined rather pointedly; "and it is such nonsense for you to say you can't talk. You are by far the most brilliant member of our trio: it is you who say all our wisest and best things."

"Tell me one," she answered quickly.

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"But I should always be the statue," she interrupted. "I might long for the life as much as Pygmalion, but I should always be the same cold stone. That is my fate. It makes me desolate sometimes to think of it," she exclaimed, in her quiet tones that suggested nothing but desolation. "Let me change the subject. What were you nibbling under the trees when Alfred and I came up? More roses?" Alfred, come over here and listen to Mr. Carroll's verse: we'll go to read more to us."

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The sweet young moon, pale yet mild,
Shone over the solitary path,
In whose like a child that, sleeping, walked,
A wroster moon shone back again.

And by that glimmer bright and fair,
Needless among the clustering trees,
I knew an unlooked like slept there,
Lured in a silent dream of peace.

Ah! then, elsewhere, within those eyes—
Then trembled air more soft and clear,
I watch a tender light arise,
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The lid beneath the veil of night,
Like the still lake within the woods:
The dewy light of the dewy light
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I found my voice trembling in spite of myself as I read the last verse, and only Clare's silence gave no courage to look up. To my great surprise, she seemed to be under the influence of some unusual feeling, and her eyes shone through a mist of tears. The sight of this unlooked creation was too much for me. I stood irresolute, patient, reason, self-control and every other abominable virtue to the winds, and plunged headlong into some mad rhapsody of a declaration, ending with a passionate prayer for at least a ray of hope.

Clare sighed gently, and one large bright tear dropped upon my hand. "It is useless," she said sadly: "I told you I was incapable of loving. What can I do? Next to Alfred, you are, and always will be—will you not?—my best and dearest friend, but I do not feel for you that love which alone can make you happy."

"Dear," I said, "I love you so well, I am so happy in the quiet atmosphere of rest which you diffuse around you, that I shall be content to live in that forever—if you will let me."

"If that is all you want, why need we change?" asked Clare simply. "Love me, then, if you must, in your way, and let me be your friend still in mine."

"Oh, Clare, even if I could, I could not."

I want you for my own—mine for time and for eternity, to have and to hold, to cherish and to keep forever. Say that you will love me."

"And if I do, you will be miserable," answered Clare. "You will be content perhaps one day, to think that I have said it, then you will begin to find me cold and heartless. I shall not understand your thoughts, shall not enter into your feelings; your reproaches will weary me; your sorrow sadden me. No, don't be quiet!"

"I know myself better than you do; I eat love a little, St. John, but I cannot make you happy."

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she said again, with a smile. "I cannot sing such songs. I think I am incapable of passion, in the first place. I don't understand this wild despair and rage and love that your favorite songs express: to me it is quite meaningless. And in the second place, I don't feel it. It ought to soothe and subdue me, not excite. It should come like a celestial voice from another and a better world, and have nothing to do with the sin and strife of ours."

"Sing me something fervent," I said to her one evening—"something with passion and pain in it—a song to stir the heart, to come home to our struggling human nature—not those otherworldly fancies of Chopin or Schumann, which are set to music."

She shook her head half sadly, while yet she smiled with a smile. "I cannot sing such songs. I think I am incapable of passion, in the first place. I don't understand this wild despair and rage and love that your favorite songs express: to me it is quite meaningless. And in the second place, I don't feel it. It ought to soothe and subdue me, not excite. It should come like a celestial voice from another and a better world, and have nothing to do with the sin and strife of ours."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AUNT TABITHA.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Whatever I do and whatever I say,
Just like my wife, and I feel it is so;
And Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear Aunt I. If only would take her advice!
Just like my wife, and I feel it is so;
And Tabitha tells me they never did so.

It is a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt;
May chance to look in it a chance to look out;
She would never endure an impudent stare;
It is hard, she says, and I mean it all there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own;
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;
So I take a lady's arm—just for safety, you know—
And Tabitha tells me they never did so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!
They kept at arm's length those delectable men;
What an era of virtue she lived in! But stay—
Were the men of such rascals as Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men were so wicked, I'd ask my papa;
How he dared to propose to my darling Tabitha;
Was he like the rest of them? Goodness! Who
And what shall I say, if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if some know so little of life;
What a woman Aunt Tabitha must have been;
And good—good—she comes to me—how charmingly
That girls of to-day are so frightfully bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can;
Let us perish—so rascals some wretched young man;
When to the altar a victim I go;
Aunt Tabitha'll tell me she never did so!—Atlantic.

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY HENRY PETERSON.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Henry Peterson, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.)

PART FIRST.



CHEW'S HOUSE.

CHAPTER II.

How went the battle?
Excellent, my lord.
We did not all that we set out to do,
But we beat the greatest enemy
A most uncommon score.

We avail ourselves of this pause in our narrative, to sketch in a few words the main features of the battle, which came so unexpectedly, like a thunder-storm, upon Col. Musgrave and his fair visitors.

The road to the Germanowian or Skippack road, at a distance of about six miles from Philadelphia, the village of Germantown stretched in a line of scattered stone houses, for the distance of about two miles, in a northwesterly direction.

Across the centre of the village, where the road was widened for the erection of a market house, the British army lay stretched like some huge bird of prey—some vulture, or some condor of the desert—measuring about four miles from the tip of one huge wing on the New York road, to the tip of the other on the Schuylkill.

But the weight of the body lay in the centre, directly in and around the market place, where its iron-beak and talons—in the shape of a spangled park of artillery—were laying rest to tear and rend whenever the orders were given.

In front, to secure the army against surprise, was a detachment of light infantry at Mount Airy, and the Fortescue regiment, under Col. Musgrave, at Chew's House—with other detachments in equally available positions.

The British force had been weakened by the detaching of three thousand men, comprising the elite of the army, to garrison Philadelphia, and make glad the hearts of the loyal in that important city. Another force had been detached against the American defences on the Delaware. And well aware of these movements, after having been reinforced by troops from New Jersey and Maryland, Washington determined to strike a blow at Sir William Howe, even in the midst of his fancied security.

The plan of the American attack was well conceived and daring. It was to make a night march, to cut off the British sentries before daybreak at the advanced post at Mount Airy, and the Fortescue regiment, under Col. Musgrave, at Chew's House—with other detachments in equally available positions.

Gen. Greene was to co-operate with this movement, by marching down the Limekiln road, which led to the front of the British right wing, to take it also unprepared, and drive all before him to the same central point, the market house. Then the right wing would have been directed to break the centre, and sweep the British from the centre of the town, while it was wholly or partially unprepared.

The plan was an admirable one, and only needed good soldiers, good fortune and a rapid execution. But the night was dark, the roads were bad, and by the time the attack was to be begun, day had dawned, and the British encampments were awake and stirring. Captain McLean, to whose daring enterprises had been intrusted the duty of quietly capturing or killing the pickets, failed to effect his purpose. The alarm was given, and soon the three field pieces at Mount Airy communicated that alarm to the whole British camp. Wayne, however, from the shade of his recent midnight detour, pressed on determinedly with his brigades of Pennsylvanians—his soldiers cheering him on—“Remember Paoli!”—but they met men of the same stalwart race; and the British advance, with tenfold their number in front of them, knowing well the importance of time, maintained to the full the ancient reputation of their arms. Forced back upon Musgrave, after half an hour's hard fighting, the latter also soon yielded ground, but flung himself into the stone mansion of Judge Chew, harrieting his lower doors and windows, and keeping up a heavy fire from the second story, the roof, and the outbuildings; while the remnant of the light infantry, pursued remorselessly by

Wayne's maddest soldiery, fled down the road towards the main body.

To add to the difficulties of the assailants, a heavy mist had arisen, which, combined with the smoke of the battle, rendered all objects obscure at the distance of a few yards, and prevented the commandants from knowing the position of their various corps and regiments.

Wayne had pressed on after the British, down the main road towards the market place—but when Conway's corps came up, it halted and joined those who were engaged in the assault upon Musgrave.

At this moment up rode Sullivan, at the head of his brigade, and with him the Commander-in-Chief and his staff, with General Knox, of the artillery.

“What is this?” asked Washington.

He might well ask, for nothing could be seen, though the bullets were whistling all around them, and a return fire, accompanied with shouts, could be heard from the other side of the stone wall which lined the road.

An officer of Conway's brigade answered.

“A party of British have thrown themselves into a large stone house, about a hundred yards from the road, and we are trying to dislodge them.”

“Wait a moment till I bring up my canister,” said Gen. Knox, a very corpulent but active man, with an animated, resolute face.

“This is madness!” broke in one of Washington's aids, a small, handsome and fiery young man, called at that day by some “the little lion,” but afterwards known as the wisest of statesmen and ablest of financiers—Hamilton the Immortal!

“It would be madness to leave a fort in our rear, to cut off our line of communication,” replied Knox. “This is against one of the first maxims of military science.”

“A fort!” echoed Hamilton disdainfully. “Leave a regiment here to watch them, and drive them back if they attempt mischief—but our time is too precious to waste in battering down houses.”

“Yes, but who knows that the British are not marching up through the fields on the other side, in force, to their support?” interposed Sullivan. “They would take us to the flanks and rear.”

All turned to the commander. “Perhaps,” said he, “while we stand here, considering an earnest attack will capture the house, and settle the question to please all of us. We have to decide at a venture, for we can see nothing in this mist.” Major White, cannot you take a party, and force the main door?”

“Or fire the doors and shutters?” suggested Hamilton.

Major White, reputed to be the handsomest man in the army, as he had been previously in the ball-rooms of Philadelphia, smiled proudly as he answered—

“I will try, General.”

Knox rode off rapidly, notwithstanding, to bring up his canister.

Major White dashed against the door, it was already riddled with musket-bullets, but it had not yet been breached, and his men dropped off rapidly beneath the constant fire from the upper windows.

Then he had some pieces of rails and other light stuff collected, and darted forward again alone, with a flag of those, a bundle of straw, and a lighted torch. Sheltered under the eaves of the doorway, while his men poured a steady rain of balls into the upper windows, he might have succeeded—but a shot from a cellar window struck him, and he staggered back of the steps, and fell mortally wounded upon the ground.

“Where can I find the Colonel?” asked Seth of one of them.

The soldier looked at him for a moment, and simply pointed to the front of the house.

“A dead Quaker,” said he to a comrade, as Seth moved on.

Suddenly Col. Musgrave turned, and perceived him. Advancing towards him with rapid strides, he confronted him, saying—

“You bring me word of my nieces? Are they safe?”

“Safe—but mighty distressed to hear from these,” replied Seth.

“How far off are they? I will go to them this minute.”

“What, so near?” said the Colonel, when Seth told him. “Tell them I will come in a few moments, and ride with them to town as we had designed. Poor girls, they must be anxious to reach home.”

Seth returned. And in a few moments Col. Musgrave was at the door—and in his silent arm. He had escaped without a scratch—and was highly elated with his share in the fight. “We have and rallied back the whole rebel army!” exclaimed he with pardonable exaggeration. “They dashed against our stone fort like waves against a rock, but they could make no impression on my gallant Fortescue!”

Helen smiled proudly, and kissed his bronzed cheek. “You are my own gallant uncle, my father's dearest friend; and the Fortescue is the bravest regiment in the service! But,” continued she, “is any one hurt—any one that we know?”

A shadow settled on the Colonel's face.

“Alas, the greatest victory will have its miseries. The cruel Moloch of War always demands its living victims. Many of my braver and bravest officers and men are dead—and others maimed for life. Captain Campion has lost his leg. Orville his arm. Oh, it is a long, cruel life!”

“May God's mercy be with the dead and with the living!” said Isabella, fervently, while the tears stood in her eyes.

“And outside of your own regiment?”

“Have you heard from the main body?” inquired Helen eagerly.

“Only partially. General Agnew is dead—killed almost at the close of the battle, and not far from this spot.”

“It must have been that last sudden volley,” said Helen, “startling us with its nearness, when we thought all was over.”

“A small body of rebels threw themselves in front of the house from the side of the road; he was leading on his troops, but the rebels had no time to ride back as he saw them. They delivered a volley and fled, shooting him in the back. Alas, poor Agnew—he was a noble fellow!”

“Was General Grey's division in the action?” pursued Helen, her cheek coloring a rather deeper red; “and is the General safe?”

“I have heard nothing to the contrary; but brought up the left wing in good time, and did good service. Trust our ‘No Flint’ for that.”

“Is Major Tarleton safe?” still queried Helen.

“And General Grey's aid, Captain Andre?” added Isabella, with a glance at her sister.

“Yes, I think Tarleton and Andre are both safe. I saw Grey for a moment, and he said nothing of Andre's being hurt, which he established beyond a doubt. Andre is such a favorite of his—of that matter.”

Helen assented at length satisfied. And the conversation then turned upon the young ladies and their adventures. Nothing was said however about “Moll of the hatchet,” or the bold and brazen American officer—the young ladies evidently not feeling quite certain of their ground, as their uncle, with all his kindness, had very little respect for rebels, and just at that moment especially, could not be expected to be in a very placid and forgiving mood. They introduced him formally, however, to Seth and his wife, and said how greatly they were indebted to their kindness. And the Colonel testified his gratitude in a few simple and manly words, ending with an intimation to them to let him know if any of the British soldiers gave them trouble, as he might be able to set matters straight.

“And now, girls,” cried he, “let us mount and ride.”

The young ladies went up stairs to get their riding caps, as they said—but also to say a few words doubtless to Lieutenant Morris, who, with what the rest and the rum and a little food, was already quite another man. He was in fact very weak from the loss of blood, though Seth said that his wound was by no means a serious one.

“I scarcely know how to thank you, ladies; you probably save my life,” said he with great earnestness, as they announced their intention of leaving.

“Oh, it was all Helen's doing,” replied Isabella.

The ladies looked their thanks.



MARKET SQUARE, GERMANTOWN—AS IT WAS.

(From Watson's Annals.)

would just be a man after your own heart,” said the Colonel, in a surprised tone.

“After Helen's heart? Why, uncle!” joked Isabella.

“Bella, there are some things which it is not pretty to just about,” said Helen, with a smile.

“Of course Helen understood what I meant,” said the Colonel, who was not a very keen appreciator of a joke. “But as for Andre, why even Arthur Pemberton, who I believe, is your great admiration, Helen, admires him to the utmost, if one may judge by their great intimacy on no short acquaintance.”

“Arthur Pemberton is the most splendid man I know,” said Helen, decidedly.

The Colonel crossed his honest eyes.

“Well, Helen, all I have to say is, that I have no objection to Arthur Pemberton but one, and that is a very serious one—I do not believe he is more than half loyal.”

“Oh, I have no intention of marrying him, uncle—nor he of marrying me. What I fall in love with, if ever I do, it will be with a thoroughly loyal man.”

“Arthur Pemberton is an true and conscientious a man as the most loyal and devoted subject of the Crown!” exclaimed Helen, her dark eyes kindling, and her cheeks flushing.

Helen gave a little laugh. “Of course he is, sir—nobody knows I allow no one to above me.”

“I suppose all such things just happen,” said the Colonels, smiling. “Perhaps Heaven allows them to just happen—but not often.”

Father had made his way to the street. Parties of soldiers were already engaged in carrying the wounded into the nearest houses and other buildings, where the surgeons were busily employed. Others assisted by the citizens were already burying the dead, several of whom had been shot, had been blown to the very skin, and were lying livid to blackness, and almost naked, on the sides of the road, where they had either crawled themselves, or been dragged by others.

“Lieutenant Morris,” replied Helen, “what did you do? You would just as freely have done for any other man—friend or enemy.”

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parted on old sweethearts of Jack's, and it struck me as so absurd, his trying to make me jealous. I didn't know the meaning of the word; and besides I should never have been afraid to trust him under any circumstances.

"You great, silly fellow," I replied with a laugh, examining the little charm upon his watch-chain, as if I did not know that it was made of a lock of my hair. "You talk as if I were going to Europe, while I shall be within twelve miles of your coming in at odd times; and when I get rather hasty out there, how nice it will be to look out at the window and say 'Well, here I am again, jolly Jack Dorner, driving up!'

"Will you be so bold, indeed?" "If I thought that, I should be almost willing for you to go, May. There will be some peace in visiting you at your brother's it is true, for I can have you all to myself down there, unless you get into dirt with some of those noisy fellow, and you are not a bit too good to do it, you aristocratic."

"I laughed at the idea of my playing up to a company of rustic youths, and surveyed my face and figure complacently in a mirror across the room.

"Promise me, pet. Don't do it for my sake," pleaded Jack, in low, tender tones.

"Was ever anything so absurd!" I exclaimed. "Why, I don't expect to see anybody but you, the whole time I am there. Just then there was a sharp ring at the bell, and the steps were heard on the stairs. The half-opened door broke from Jack's lips. "Who was any one, to have seen him, would have thought he was hurriedly taking leave of me to go, as other visitors came in, but they found him easily seated on an ottoman across the hearth.

"My brother Richard was in the next morning to breakfast, and my heart was rather heavy despite my resolutions, as I looked out and saw his carriage at the door.

"I have some business to attend to, May," he said. "But I shall be through by eleven o'clock. Can you have all your trappings ready by that time?"

"Oh, yes!" I replied, as cheerfully as I could, and I went out to see some friends who had called to bid me good-by. Jack was with me to the last, and punctually at eleven Rich looked in.

"The trunks are all strapped to the carriage, May, or more ready for the carriage to your trunks," he said, "and we are ready."

He closed the door, as we went back in consideration for Jack, I suppose. And a moment after I came out, oh yes! I remembered, with a tear, not my own, upon my cheek. Richard was a light, open carriage, and Jack helped to fold the buffalo robes about my feet.

"Mr. Dorner, whenever the duties of your office will allow, drive out and see us," said Richard. "The sight of a fellow in town clothes will do us good."

"Thank you, doctor," replied Jack warmly. "Duties or no duties, I shall test your hospitality sometimes." Then they shook hands and Richard giving a little flourish with his whip, we started off, leaving Jack standing dolefully on the pavement.

"The sight of the joyful vision," said Rich with a laugh. "Poor fellow! I've been all alone here. But as Mr. Dorner intends to visit you again before long, Lou and I are of opinion, that you could not have a better place for making up frocks and ruffles and all that, than with us. But talking of Lou, won't the dear girl be glad to see you?" The dear girl had been a wife for three years, and a mother for two, but Richard was still romantic.

"What time shall we get there?" I asked.

"The roads are good, and my horses of the best," replied Dick, "so allowing for all reasonable delays, we shall reach home by one o'clock." Then he tapped the lovely bays lightly, and they sprang forward at a double-quick; their warm breath condensing in the frosty air, and looking in volume almost like the smoke from the pair of chimneys on the opposite side of the pavilion. We fell to talking of home matters, and the time passed quickly enough. We were almost constantly meeting conveyances of every description, besides men on horseback, and I was glad to see that nearly every one seemed to know Richard, and to return his cordial greeting with interest.

"Here we are!" he said at last, and by the time I could lift my veil he was kissing Lou. As she saw me, she sprang forward with a glad cry of welcome, and well nigh lifted me out in her arms. Oh! Jack! Jack! in spite of the sad picture of your face as it looked back at me to the last, I was very, very glad I had come!

The dwelling was a pretty cottage, after the New-England style, and the rooms were all elegantly paneled in oak, and the appropriate arrangement of every room as I went on a tour of inspection from o to another. While we were still chatting pleasantly the dinner bell rang, and we went down.

The dinner was fresh and charming, as only country dinners can be; but there was no loitering for form's sake, and while Lou wiped her own chin, as the cool we had called her hour ago, but now the housemaid, for she was the only female servant except the small nurse, on the place served it to her from the warm water, I gathered up a handful of crumb and went out into the dinner bell rang, and we went down.

"The dinner was what?" bawled Richard, as he came towards me and caught an inkling of my design.

"The chickens," I replied, demurely. "I want to feed them."

"Where are the 'boys of my youth, and the 'girls too'?" as Artemus Ward says," he responded, with a sardonic air. "All grown up, or barbaconian stain. What a theme! or an essay? May asking of November. Where are my chickens?"

I laughed too, as I threw the bread to his dog, and then I wandered around, rattling the door knobs, and the trunks with my feet as I walked over them to the big gas at the front yard, and leaning my back upon my hand, I looked about me. Just beyond me was a forest of woods, and as their branches waved to and fro in the still winter's air, the indescribable breath came to me like the dying action of a requiem, and something in my heart (we have not all experienced this emotion at times?) sent back a responsive echo, until reality was lost in blotted dreams of the dead past and the shadowy, impalpable future. I did not feel the cold, did not remember that night so insipidous as I could form a feature of that sublime, yet saddening prospect, as I intuited.

"And made the country, and man made the town,"

and Lou's arm around me and Lou's kiss upon my cheek recalled my wandering thoughts.

"What a picture for an artist, dear, you have here," she said. "I watched you as long as I dared let you stand there"—and she drew a shawl of bluebird wool about my shoulders—"in the vain hope that some one might pass and see you. You mirror the world. Your hair seemed like burnished gold; and Richard's 'modesties' or this nipping atmosphere has dyed your cheeks deadly crimson, and your eyes with their soft, faint look, were like as heaven's own."

"If the artist could paint me on canvas as you, you, you have done in words, I should have the picture," I replied, laughing. "But I don't feel the same. You are painted out of the landscape to me. Where does the art lie who you said was waiting to 'envy' you?"

"Richard! In the white house

to your left. She will spend the day with us to-morrow."

"And who is in the house half hidden by the trees?"

"The Moltens—a very nice family. There are twelve of the children, I think. Two very agreeable young men, Richard says."

"And now for the grand old stones house to the west," I asked, "whose window panes look like flames of fire in the sunset? It looks as if it were built out of the ruins of Etna, I have been speculating about its inmates, while

"Slowly, slowly up the wall.

Steal the sentence, steal the shade."

"I like it; but I hope there is no young girl there."

"No," said Lou; "neither young nor old—neither maid. That is 'Oaklands,' the far-famed residence of Colonel Gerald Granger, and nothing in the form of women has darkened his threshold since his mother's death—many years ago."

"His name has never reached me," I said. "Tell me about him. His old master, I mean."

"Nay," replied Lou, earnestly. "He is twenty-four or twenty-five—the hero of twenty battles, and a scurrier and scholar, as well as a soldier."

"Lou is a good boy, now," said Richard, coming up behind us. "The will write a novel, yet, upon the subject of 'Oaklands.' What do you think her subject is, May?"

"I think on," I replied. "At least I will ascertain." I went back to the breakfast room, but Lou was not there. "Has Richard gone?" I asked the nurse.

"I expect he's at the stable or barn yet."

I took the baby in my arms and bade her run and tell him that some one wished to see him.

"Who is it, May?" asked Richard, coming in.

"I don't know. He is at the door."

"Did you ask him in?"

"No, indeed. He is some rough working man who wants to see you on business," I responded.

But Richard was already in the passage.

"Good morning, Mr. Bruce. I'm delighted to see you, he exclaimed, cheerily.

"Get down. Get down."

There was a tramping of heavy boots on the porch, and they went into the little parlor. After awhile Dick came back again.

"Mr. Bruce asked me what pretty girl you were, May. A compliment you scarcely deserved, after your ugly conduct in keeping him out in the cold. Not ask him in, indeed! Why, that man could buy me and all our folks in town a dozen times, and never miss the money. He is the nabob of all this country—wants me to go and see his sick child. So for my profession's sake, ask every one in hereafter. Mr. Bruce is as haughty a patrician as you would meet with in a month's travel, and does me the honor to promise that he will send his daughter to see you."

"But Fannie Moreland and I—he is a distant relation of Fannie's—have just determined that you are to see him," continued Lou. "He could make some good woman happy to be allowed to live there by himself at his life. He is just the man for you, May."

"He is caught, already, from Richard's account," I replied, jestingly, "whether he does it voluntarily or otherwise. But perhaps he is not to be had f'r the taking. Lou, since Richard would have to make the position in the big feudal way, there being no possible chance for it to come from him, as he is likely to remain in blissful ignorance of my existence."

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room to which we were shown—some of them already dressed prettily, and some of them dressing the frivolousness of decorum, but all long, and chattering in quite a glee; while the modest, muted of a violin, touched now and then as a reminder, by some not unskillful hand below, came even and went above the din, and harmonized them in their toil. I was seated at the festive gaieties cast out at me, by some of the plainer girls, while I cleaned a puffed tortoise, with pink-antin overcoat and bodice, low in the neck. It was a dress that I had about laid aside in town, but one that was amazingly becoming, nevertheless, and which I knew would look well by candlelight, as the admiring eyes of the young ladies, who said old tortoise. When I found some flowers in my flowing hair, Miss Molton came in and handed me a card, on which I was invited to dance the first, second, and third sets with her brother and Mr. Binford. Determined to enjoy myself to the fullest extent, and "without ceremony," as the lady of the house had requested, I put on my gloves and ran down with her. Mr. Thomas Molton met me at the foot of the stair.

"Thank you, Miss Chester, I am glad the others are not ready. I want to make some of these country folks open their eyes. May, run in and tell the musician to play a waltz. You dance the round dance, of course."

I nodded as assent. And the music struck up a moment after, we entered the ballroom. A broad open space was given us, for only a few married ladies were present, and we took the floor to ourselves—the gaieties keeping as much as possible to the wall. When we were quite tired, the other ladies were coming in—and Mr. Molton giving me a moment to breathe, led me to the head of the floor. There were one, two, three—twelve introductions before the first set was over; and my tablets were soon filled with names enough to keep me dancing until twelve o'clock the next day.

I don't know that my telling my own story need compel me to keep back the truth. So I can positively say, that I was quite a success.

"I'm sorry for Tom Molton," said a tall young man, who did not dance, but worked his way around to me whenever I stopped. "It all over with him."

I suppose it meant that Mr. Molton was failing in love with me; but there was no time for anything further, as the young man himself returned at the moment, and took my hand for a waltz.

"I am sorry we couldn't afford you the happiness of seeing Colonel Granger, to-night," he said. "I went down to Oakland twice; but the servant reported him still in the city attending the Supreme Court."

Recalling it now, I am sure I felt a pang of regret; but it was soon forgotten, in the general excitement of the evening. I was astonished at my own flow of pure animal spirits. I don't like to think of the impossible nonsense I talked to everybody; or the number of strange young men who told me I had broken their hearts—though that would not have been very difficult, I admit. I was amazed when Richard came to me, saying it was over, and I must prepare to return home. I went up to change my dress—and the mirror showed my eyes wholly undimmed by the reveal; and cheeks that burned with a fervid glow.

I sat up all that day with unflagging spirits; laughing Richard's and Lou's dejection. About sunset—still declaiming myself not a bit tired—I fell asleep in an armchair by the fire. Somebody aroused me—I don't know who—and I went up stairs and got my clothes off somehow, and got into bed.

Lou's face was the smiling one the next day at one o'clock.

"Come, May," she said, "you have surely slept long enough. Get up and take some breakfast, or dinner, as you prefer."

My friend Lou would hardly support me at first; I was in dressing-gown and before the fire. I could not repress a half mortified laugh, as I looked in the glass. My eyes were more red than blue, and the lids puffed as though I were blushed with aroane. Richard tried to twist his face into a chronic sympathy.

"Better bathe your face in camphor or sologne-water," he said. "Tom Molton and some of your victims will be down here in an hour or so."

"They surely have better sense," I replied, dismayed. And I am glad to say I was right.

The next morning I felt more like a live person, but was still dull and depressed. I looked out of my window at "Bliss House" on the east, which I had come upon him, after the fever of youth. And I fell to thinking about him, until the quiet prospect tortured me. I don't know what put the idea in my head; but I took up my portfolio and commenced to write. I think I must have been under some sort of inspiration, for my thoughts flowed freely, and with unprecedented force. It was a rapt apothecary of the philosopher who could disdain the intoxicating cup of the world's vanities, and stand of himself—solitary and alone, sufficient unto himself—waiting patiently amid the dull reality of the present, for the vague, undefined promises of another life. Touching upon the disappointments of his early life—those stepping-stones by which the feet of the weak and weaklings are betrayed, and the stout and brave are led upward toward the sky. I am sure, in impudent language, that there was one here in the universe he deemed, that would throb in sympathy with his own, until it fell to dust. I had no fixed instinct, until the possessive sheet of French paper was filled with my fine rounded hand. When I took up an envelope, directed it, and sealing the letter within, tied it with a package of several I had written, and gave them to a servant of Richard's, just starting, to be mailed in the city. Then I walked down to the gate, and stood gazing at the solemn stone fence, until the sound of horses' hoofs aroused me—when looking up, I beheld Mr. Tom Molton and several gentlemen, two close at hand for me to retreat. I think I must have been blushing, after they had dismissed and returned to their horses.

I am glad the light of day allowed, that we had been our own self-representatives, that we could not be compelled to pay for every act the other night," said Mr. Molton. "I was fearful that the tax upon your strength, if not on your availability, had been too great, and that we should find you indisposed, when your brightness rather shamed our manhood."

I assured him I had not seemed so entirely as he might suppose, and gave them a laughing account of my experiences the day before. I went with them into the parlor, as I was, of course, and talked desperately, until some one led me to the piano, when I sang and played everything that was asked for. I was beginning to feel considerably overcome in the effort to entertain the six, when they opportunely took their departure.

There were several consecutive days of rain, and when it had passed away, Fannie Moreland was seen hanging a brightness, cheerful as that of the sun.

"Oh! May, where do you think I passed in the road just now? Why were you not with me?"

"Can't say," I replied, indifferently. "Mr. Molton."

"Mr. Fiddlesticks. Cousin Gerald."

"Ah!" I said quickly. "Then he has returned home."

"Yes, and I don't suppose will leave again very soon."

"Just think how pretty May looked, and I Binford, simultaneously scanning across the

floor, told me, with a joke, of what I had seen before either of them.

"Mamma is in for our place," replied Fannie, "and we are going to make another effort. I came to tell you all, we propose to give another party at our house next week, that is on Christmas Eve. And there being no court, Colonel Granger must receive a timely invitation, which he is too courteous to slight, whatever might be his inclination. I shall write him a note to-morrow."

"How nice it will be!" I said, delighted.

"I thought of sending an invitation to Mr. Dorner, also, said Fannie, a little embarrassed. "Do you think he would like to come?"

"I am sure of it," I replied. "He admires you extravagantly, Fannie. If you'll have Colonel Granger, then I'll recommend you to Jack."

"I shall provoke Mr. Dorner no

completely by the first measure, that he will

readily be disposed to listen to the second."

"But the way, mamma says you

must return with me, and talk to her about

the night.

"I went with her back after dinner to

spend the night. And with the discussion

about who should be invited—the supper,

and above all,

the

guitar.

"Do you leave as early, Miss Chester?" he asked with an appearance of surprise.

"It is half-past three," I replied timidly.

"And my brother, an astute principle, as he says, considers it time to adjourn," but I must insist that you do not let me hurry you."

"Your brother is a married man," he re-

plied, "or he would never confess to

the labors of the hour at such a time. What does Mr. Molton say?"

"As I could not tell him of the falsehood of the husband's confinement just placed upon himself, I said nothing, and hiding the lady of the house, I told him, "A married man, I suppose, is not to be got rid of, but sometimes his wife has been blinded by time, and I am not so easy to obtain an excuse of your brother's conduct."

"He drew my hand through his arm, and we went out into the close, frosty twilight. "You had better put on your gloves," he said in a tone such as Richard might have used, "or you will have to wear them a month in the house to atone for this exposure."

"I left home without any," I replied,

fearing he would think it very indecent in me to have attended a party there."

"The neighborhood will have to take Dr.

Chaster to task," he said, "when it was over, as I had been speaking to my little friend who was just beginning to dip my name."

"I was introduced to him yesterday, for the first time, I think, when I called to see his father on some legal business. A pleasant young man."

"I am engaged for the next four," I said, handing him my tablet. And writing his name for the fifth, he moved on. When the time came round, he was at my side.

"Your friend, Mr. Dorner, was full of re-

grets that he could not come out, he said,

as he came to me, with a ring of genuine

gaiety, and above all,

the

guitar.

"I am engaged for the next four," I said, handing him my tablet. And writing his name for the fifth, he moved on. When the time came round, he was at my side.

"Do you attend the opera?" I stammered

in astonishment.

"Oftener than is consistent with the sense

of duty by which an old soldier should

regard his condition, I fear," he responded with an amused smile; "though I prefer one of those young girls who are fond of

gaiety,

and above all,

the

guitar.

"I told him somehow that my brother's

claims upon me were higher than any selfish

consideration when I first came to his house, but that I had already formed an attachment for many of the people, that bound me to the neighborhood by ties of daily strength-

ening interest as well as obligation."

"How much of the 'interest' and 'obligation'

may Mr. Dorner claim?" he asked suddenly, while the knowing smile upon his lips put my self-posse-
sion to a shameless rout, and I stammered like a country school girl. In fact the merely, perfect coolness of his manner kept me on my guard that I scarcely spoke at all; and I think he was rather relieved when the supper was over and he had led me back to the ballroom.

"Colonel, I fear we may have hurried you out into the night a bit."

"My dear doctor, if I may speak unpro-
fessionally, I should have been glad of an excuse to leave three hours ago. The day to business and half the night to pleasure, we can find it. But surely you are not so fond of society as to leave it at the maximum of gayety?" he asked as we walked out to the time of a pretty little march.

"The opera is in full blast.

"I know most of the regular girls by sight, and had missed you for several weeks. I had not thought of your being out here with your brother."

"Do you attend the opera?" I stammered

in astonishment.

"Oftener than is consistent with the sense

of duty by which an old soldier should

regard his condition, I fear," he responded with an amused smile; "though I prefer one of those young girls who are fond of

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WIT AND HUMOR.

THE HONORABLE.

The following extract is from Mark Twain's new book, entitled "Huckleberry Finn," now in process of publication. It is an amusing illustration of a book-author's view of New York.

In New York there used to be current the story of an adventure of two of her citizens, which may or may not have occurred. I give it for what it is worth.

Colonel Jim had been conversing with the world, and never more or less of his way; but Colonel Jack was from the back settle-ments of the state, and led a life of arduous toil, and had never seen a city. These two, blazed with sudden wealth, projected a visit to New York—Colonel Jack to see the sights, and Colonel Jim to guard his con-stitution from infarction. They reached San Francisco in the night, and sailed in the morning. Arriving in New York, Colonel Jack said:

"You heard talk of carriages all my life, and didn't I mean to have a ride in 'em? I don't care what it costs. Come along."

They stepped out on the sidewalk, and Colonel Jack said called a cab-horse. But Jack said:

"No, sir. None of your cheap-jerk team-cabs for us. We're bound to have a good time, and they ain't any object. I meant to have the nobodies' rigs along. Now here comes the very trick. Stop that yaller one with the pictures on it—don't you fret—I'll stand all the expense myself."

So Colonel Jim stopped an empty omnibus and they got in. Said Colonel Jack:

"Ain't it gay, though. Oh, no, I reckon not! Coachmen, and windows, and pictures, till you can't rest. What would the boys say if they could see us cutting a swell like this in New York? By George, I wish they could see us."

Then he put his head out of the window, and shouted to the driver:

"Say, Johnny, this suits me!—en-suits yours truly, you bet! I want this shotgun of day. I'm an old man! Let me out! Make 'em go! Well make it all right with you, sonny!"

The driver passed his hand through the window, and tapped for his fare—it was before the group came into common use. Colonel Jack took the hand, and shook it cordially. He said:

"You twig old, old pard! All right between gods! Small of that and see how you like it!"

And he put a twenty dollar gold piece into the driver's hands. After a moment the driver said he could not make change.

"Bother the change! Hide it out. Put it in your pocket."

The omnibus stopped and a young lady got in. Colonel Jack stared for a moment, then nudged Colonel Jim with his elbow.

"Don't say a word," he whisp'ered. "Let her ride if she wants to. Gracious, there's room enough."

The young lady got out her porte-monnaie and handed her fare to Colonel Jack.

"What's this for?" said he.

"Give it to the driver, please."

"Take back your money, madame. We can't allow it. You're welcome to ride here as long as you please, but this shan't do."

The girl shrank into a corner, bewildered.

An old lady with a basket climbed in, and preffered her fare.

"Excuse me," said Colonel Jack. "You are perfectly welcome here, madame, but we can't allow you to pay. Set right down here, madame, and don't be the least uneasy. Make yourself as free as if you was in your own home."

Within two minutes, three gentlemen, two fat women and a couple of children, entered.

"Come right along, friends," said Colonel Jack. "Don't mind us. This is a free blow out." Then he whistled to Colonel Jim. "New York isn't no sociable place, I don't reckon—it ain't no place for it."

He rounded every cent to pay fares to the driver, and the crowd crowded cordially welcome. The situation下了 on the platform, and they pocketed their money, and delivered themselves up to covert enjoyment of the episode. Half a dozen more passengers entered.

"Oh, there is plenty of room," said Colonel Jack. "Walk right in and make yourselves at home. A blow-out ain't worth anything as a blow-out, unles a boy has company. Then in a whisper to Colonel Jim, "But ain't these New Yorkers friendly? And ain't they cool about it too? I reckon ergo ain't anywhere. I reckon they's tackle a horse, if it was in your own town-out."

More passengers got in, more yet, and still more. Both men were glad, and a file of men were standing up, waiting on the doors outside. Parcels with baskets and bundles were climbing up on all sides.

"Well, for Jesus, cool-and-out cheer, if this don't hang anything that ever I saw. I'm an Iyan," whistled Colonel Jack.

A Chinaman crowded his way in.

"Wee-haw," said Colonel Jack. "Hold on, driver! Keep your seats, ladies and gents. Just make yourselves free—every-thing's paid for. Driver, rustle these folks around just as long as they're in to go—friends of ours, you know. Take them every-where; and if you want more money, come to the St. Nicholas, and we'll make it all right. Please, journey to you, ladies and gentlemen, go it just as you please— it don't cost you a cent."

The two comrades got out, and Colonel Jack said: "Jimmy, it is the socialist place I ever saw. The Chinaman walked in as comfortable as anybody. By George, we'll have to barricade our doors to-night, or some of these ducks will be trying to sleep with us."

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A Hartford friend tells a good story of one of our most distinguished citizens:

Col. Samuel Colt was in his life time disposed sometimes to be rather pompous. When he was building dwelling-houses for the workmen employed in his great pistol factory, he one day encountered a boy picking up chips on the ground.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, gravely.

"Picking up chips, sir," replied the youngster, evidently miffed by the great question.

"Picking up chips, sir," exclaimed the Colonel, drawing himself up with swelling dignity; "you don't know who I am. I'm Col. Samuel Colt, and I live in that big house up yonder."

The boy straightened up and walked out and answered: "Perhaps you don't know who I am. I'm Patsy Murphy, and I live in that little shanty down yonder," pointing in the direction.

"Sunny," said the Colonel, blandly, putting the boy on the head, "go on and pick up all the chips you want, and when you get out come back for more."—American *Post-Blade*.

A Clever House.—It has no doubt been observed how earnest girls who but incompletely speak, and外国语, and our language, often, rather than not for convenience, prefer to speak in a foreign tongue. This is the case with the Chinaman. The Chinaman is of that class which cannot in our country well afford to go to the house and bring a half-finished dinner. She was gone some time, and returned, bringing an old hen. The length that she had remained, she had continued, "I have just finished your overalls, didn't I?"

LEAVES FROM A POCKET DIARY.

No. 10.

THE TRAP-DOOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CAPTAIN GARNET.

It is a pretty scene to a lover of nature. A large old-fashioned farm-house, set squarely down upon an eminence, and blanking in the radiance of a September sunset, cast its eye-like windows.

Every door and window stood invitingly open—there being two reasons for this condition: one, that the September sun is unusually hot at this season, the other being, that the house is a newly planned interior, and is not yet dry.

"Goodness had not been busy since haying, in repairing the spacious house, which, with the farm, had descended in a legacy from grandfather to father, and then to the son—the present owner.

Martha on the farm for two or three years had prospered finely, and this very autumn by the sale of a piece of heavy timbered land he had folded away in the spacious family wallet the neat sum of two thousand dollars.

The faint suggestion of repairing the house that Mr. Goodwin made, was caught up by the girls, Martha and Susan, and the old gentleman had no more peace until he went at the master.

"Hammer and tongue!" ejaculated the father. "If we wait about it, where will it stop?" One part of the house needs looking over, and another as the other."

"Certainly," said mother Goodwin. "Take the four rooms below to have plastered, and while you are about it, finish the chamber overhand."

"But the girls?"

"Land sakes, pa! we can put bed into the store-room of the summer kitchen."

"My sakes!" said mother, and that risky trap-way in the middle of the room, and right over the deep old cellar. Father, I do wish that you would see to that place; and while you are about it, finish the chamber overhand."

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